

## LITTLE ARTHUR.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The wind, in pity, breathed a sigh,  
And the sweet moon looked from the sky,  
To see a blue-eyed baby die.

A hush hung o'er his cradle bed,  
Till his young mother shrieked and said:  
"My child—my darling—he is dead."

Then oft she kissed his sweet brow's snow,  
And smooched each tiny curl's gold glow,  
And murmured—"Oh, I loved him so!"

But with calm brow and tearless eye,  
And lip that did not give one sigh,  
His poet-father saw him die.

"I loved this child—how deeply, oh,  
God and the angels only know."  
He said, with mournful voice and slow.

"But by his lofty-molded brow,  
And proud-curved lip—I scarce know how—  
Have I been chilled with fear till now

"As by his deep and glorious eyes  
There was a calm like that which lies  
On Heaven—before the stars arise.

"Two dreamed that dimpled hand would sweep  
A poet's lyre—that eye would weep—  
That sacred lip—pray for dreamless sleep.

"And now, from all its flame had burned,  
The Eternal fire that might have turned  
His heart to ashes, is returned.

"My baby-Arthur! I'll repair  
To thy sweet grave's love-haunted air,  
And plant the rose and myrtle there.

"And when the winds of autumn sweep  
At midnight o'er thy place of sleep,  
I'll hear their wail—and will not weep.

"Ay, when my spirit might repine,  
I'll kneel and thank the Power divine,  
That—saved my child—from fate like mine!"

THE COUNTERFEITER;  
OR,  
THE FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY.

A TALE OF CRIME AND AFFECTION.

BY A PRISON CHAPLAIN.

There was a clanking of chains within the cell as the turnkey opened the door to me. I had come to prepare the mind of the doomed to meet death on the morrow.

"Shall I lock you in with him, or wait?" asked the turnkey, as he stood holding the half-opened, massive door, which was as thick as a family Bible, and all battened with iron bars, and studded with the heads of enormous nails, while the locks—there were two—were a foot square, and of vast strength.

The only light which entered the cell passed through a barred lattice in the door, a few inches square. In the rear, high up, was a crevice for air, but it opened only into the ventilator. The cell was seven feet long, six and a half high, and three feet wide. There was a cot bed in it two feet wide, and, save one foot space, as long as the cell. It was a tomb for a living man, in which he was buried before he was dead.

It was a pleasant Thursday afternoon. All was sunshine and life without. It was a few moments before my eyes became accustomed to the gloom.

"Lock me in," I had replied; "I shall be here half an hour, and your services may be elsewhere needed."

The turnkey shoved the enormous bolts, double locking the cell, and I heard his retreating footsteps.

Upon the side of the cot sat a pale young man, with wild eyes and a fixed, resolute compressure of the lips. He was heavily chained by the ankles to a ring in the floor. There were manacles upon his wrists as large as ox-chains, for he had twice broken prison, and was known to be a desperate man.

"You sent for me, Cullingham," I said, quietly, as I laid my hand mildly and kindly upon his wrists, as his hands lay upon his knees, grasping them. "I have come at your request. I am pleased that, after refusing the consolations of religion, you have voluntarily asked for them."

"Religion is of no use to me now, sir. I am too far gone in the devil's way ever to hope to get to Heaven. I've been religious once, but that's past. There is no more repentance for me, and I haven't time to repent, as I am to be hanged to-morrow forenoon."

"Why did you send for me?" I asked.

"To talk with you. I am in horrors when alone. You can do me as much good by staying with me as by trying to convert me, which will be of no use. Besides, sir, I wish to tell you how I came to be here. I wish to unbuckle my mind to some human being before I leave the world, but mainly I wish to show my wife's innocence. I wish you to hear my story, and when I am dead, let the world know her innocence of that crime. Sit down, sir, and listen to me awhile. Her memory must be cleared."

I yielded to his request, and took a seat on the side of the cot with him, resolving, after he should have done, to bring to bear upon him the offers of God's mercy through the cross, even to the chiefest criminals.

"You know, sir, that my father was a man in good circumstances for a country merchant. He was not religious, but a moral man, and brought me up in the fear of God as well as he could. I was fifteen years old when, one day, my father's clerk, in going out of the counting-room with some money, accidentally left a fourpence-halfpenny on the desk. At the sight, I felt a covetous desire to possess it. My conscience told me it was wrong. I had never taken anything not belonging to me. This temptation was great because I had been all day wishing to ask my father for just this sum to buy a top (all the boys had tops), and was afraid to, as he was very close, and seldom gave me any money. I let it lay for ten minutes, and as the clerk did not come back, I stifled my conscience, and slipped it off upon the floor, and covered it with a piece of paper with my foot, thus leaving a loop-hole for escape should it be missed.

"An hour elapsed, and the clerk having come and gone several times, I watched my opportunity, and, with a burning face, raised it, and concealing it in my shut hand, thrust the hand into my pocket, and went whistling and blushing out of doors. Sir, that first theft placed me here. In exchange for that piece of silver, behold these heavy chains of iron on my hands and feet. In this hand I secreted the money. See the hand now, locked in bolts of iron. Ah, sir, warn the young lad against the first theft!

"This successful pilfering tempted me again. The clerk slept in the same room with me. When he went to bed one night, I heard money rattle in his trousers pocket as he flung them off upon the floor. The idea that I might take a ninnepenny, and that it would never be missed, took possession of me. It was, however, not until I had thought

it over for three nights, that I resolved and dared to attempt it. He was a heavy sleeper. I crept out of bed and along the floor, and put my hand, unseen by any but God's great eye, into his pocket. I felt noiselessly for a ninnepenny, but there was nothing less than a quarter of a dollar. I hesitated, and was startled at the idea of taking so much, and fearful he might miss it, careless as he was of change; but the devil urged me on, and I took it. I hid it under a corner of the rug, so that if he missed and looked for it, it might easily be found, and be supposed to have rolled out. He did not miss it, and hence my courage to take, at another time, half a dollar. Ah, sir, that fourpence-halfpenny! That was the minny-hook which the devil baited to catch my soul with!

"In the course of two months I had abstracted from his pocket, in bits, at least six dollars, and from my father's nine dollars; for my success with the clerk's change tempted me to try my father's pockets by stealing into his bed-room when he was asleep.

"As few men seldom count their loose pocket-money, of these pilferings (at no one time over a half a dollar, and usually in much less pieces) I was, unfortunately, not detected, for if I had been, it might have checked my career in time.

Five months after I had commenced this petty thieving, silencing my conscience with the smallness of the sums taken, and that it was mostly my father's money, (forgetting that it is as great guilt to steal from a father as from a stranger, if not actually more wicked,) my father left to go on a collecting tour, and the clerk being sick, I was desired to remain in the counting-room to give answers to people who came on business. I also took the letters from the post-office. In looking these over, I saw one of them evidently had bills. I was satisfied of this by holding it up to the light, and seeing the vignette through the thin letter paper.

"Here now, sir, was a temptation, and one I never should have had, nor the devil have dared to have presented to me, but for that first fourpence-halfpenny.

"No," said I to the devil; "no. These are bills. That is too much. I dare not think of such a thing." So I put the letter firmly aside.

"But a dozen times in the day the temptation came back upon me. That night I could not sleep till late, for thinking of it.

"I finally went to sleep, resolving I would just open the letter, and see how much was in it. I could seal it again. It would do no harm. There was no danger of my taking a bill.

"The letter was from a country town—the handwriting that of an illiterate person. It was sealed in the old-fashioned way with a wafer. I looked the counting-room door, guarded against being overlooked, and then softened the wafer on my tongue. I opened the unresisting seal with fear and trembling. It was from a customer, who had owed my father three years, and was now only able to send him twenty-five dollars. The money was in a five, a three, four twos, and the rest one dollar bills. I looked wistfully at the bills, but folded the letter up, and put it away with the money in it. I did not renege it, sir, and thus I voluntarily left the devil's door open.

"That evening a boy told me there was to be a training in the next town the next day, and asked me to go halves with him to hire a gig. I was ashamed to say I had no money. I wished to go. I thought of the twenty-five dollars, and said 'yes,' inwardly resolved to abstract a one dollar bill only, and replace it in some way (perhaps I intended to do it from the clerk's pockets at night) before my father came back. I took the bill, sir.

"But why need I detain you here, sir? but it relieves me to tell you this. These were my first steps, sir, into guilt. My father did not return for two weeks. Before that the whole twenty-five dollars had been taken away by me, beginning at the smallest bill, and, as I grew bolder, ending at the large one. I spent it in riding, suppers and dissipation. I now dreaded to meet my father. It would never do to give him the letter. So I destroyed it, sir. I resolved to be quiet, and that the writer would suppose it had been lost in the mail.

"Well, three weeks after my father's return, he asked me if I had received such a letter. I was nearly choked with terror, but relieved myself with a lie. I said such a letter had never come that I knew.

"But lies, like murders, will out. The post-master, in reply to an inquiry from my father, said firmly he had received and delivered such a letter to me. My father then accused me of the theft. I confessed it, and, to escape the punishment which he prepared for me, I fled from his presence. I got on board a sloop going down the river, and reached the city of B—. There I shipped before the mast, and went on a foreign voyage. But the spirit of theft was in me. I stole the captain's gold, was arrested and tried on the return voyage, and thrown into prison. I escaped and became a burglar, and joined myself with counterfeiters. Ah, sir, that little six and a quarter cent piece bore evil fruit after being planted in my pocket.

"Now, sir, not to be tedious, I will come to the present affair. As a counterfeiter I had plenty of money, dressed well, and was regarded in a town where I opened a cigar-shop as a respectable, well-to-do young man. I won the heart there of Charlotte Foley, the daughter of an academy preceptor. She was, as you know, sir, for you have seen her, beautiful and amiable. I loved her as passionately as she loved me! I had been married five months and she suspected nothing wrong, although I was then one of the leading men of a gang of twenty-four counterfeiters. At length I was betrayed by one of the young men of the gang who had a passion for my wife, and wished to get me out of the way! Yes, sir, that was the motive of Kendall Morton's informing upon me! But he has had his reward! This hand sent the bullet to his brain which has avenged me! You know, sir, how I was arrested after having killed two of the officers, and that I was sentenced to death—on my trial! That six-and-a-quarter cents, sir, has thus been the death of three men, to say no more of what came after!

"Well, when Charlotte knew that she had been married to a counterfeiter she did not give me up, as some would have done! She clung to me! She strove to see me in prison; but at the request of her angry father, she was forbidden to visit me as I lay under sentence of death. But man had no power to stop her affection for me! She sought the governor! She implored forgiveness for me! She entreated for commutation of my sentence to imprisonment for life! When he refused, she rested not until she had got hundreds of signatures to a petition to him. She achieved her affectionate purpose. I was removed from this very condemned cell where I am now once more sentenced to die, to the Penitentiary! Now, sir, comes the bitterest cup I have drunk!

"A wicked one told my poor young wife, when she was again denied seeing me, that if she would commit a small crime of some sort that would send her to the Penitentiary, she might be with me and share my cell! He who told this was that devil Morton; for, finding that she was faithful and true

to me, and despised him and his arts, he laid this trap to ruin her forever by making a convict of her! He took advantage of her simplicity and her deep love for me, aware that she would do anything to be re-united with me! Ah, sir, I was not worthy of such a creature! Well, she stole the first thing she could lay her hands on. It was the watch of a lawyer's wife who lived near her. The lawyer appeared against her! She confessed her guilt, as you know! but not the motive! This I now tell you, sir, that the world may know it. She was sent to the Penitentiary one year! But was she put into my cell? Did I see her? Ah, sir, you know how it was."

Here he groaned heavily and buried his face in his hands! For some time he remained silent and evidently overcome with terrible emotions.

He said rightly that I knew how it was. I will tell the reader. The theft which the beautiful and unhappy counterfeiter's wife had committed created great surprise. Her trial created a great deal of interest and of sympathy for her. But as the watch was found on her person and she confessed the theft, the law had to take its course. Who present read her heart? Who there suspected that she had committed a crime in hopes to rejoin her criminal husband in his cell? What marvelous affection for an unworthy object! What depth of love to sin for the sake of the loved one himself a sinner! When she was taken to the Penitentiary, she was smiling and happy all the way. The warden placed her at once in the woman's ward. She had no sooner had her long hair severed from her head and been clad in the blue prison gown, than she asked the keeper eagerly:

"Where is my husband? I must be taken to him! Where is Henry?"

"You can't see him, ma'am, here! You may be here a year and he wouldn't know it!"

"What, shall I not see my husband here?" she repeated. "They told me so?"

"They lied, then," answered the man, roughly, as he locked the door and went out. There were several convict women present. She turned to them. They assured her she would not see him at all!

One of the women has told me the scene that followed:—"When she was convinced of it she began to tear her hair and shriek, and beat the bars, and call on 'Henry! Henry! Your Charlotte is here! Come to me—for they will not let me come to you!' She shrieked and raved until the keepers had to confine her! All that night and the next day she did nothing but shriek and call her husband, till she fainted away as one dead! But they brought her to, she took on again so dreadfully and pitifully that the prison doctor said she would go mad, and must see her husband!"

So far the convict woman.

The rules of the prison were then relaxed, and the prisoner was sent for. He had heard her shrieks across the yard and recognized her voice. When he came in, in chains put upon him for precaution, she was crouched in the ashes of the open fire-place, (it was summer and no fire in it), and rocking herself to and fro and singing a low plaint. As soon as she heard his voice she shrieked his name, and rising leaped into his arms!

The husband was overcome. His frame shook! The sight of her unmanned him, while this proof of her love melted his soul. For a few moments he held her in his manacled arms close to his heart. Then he tried to disengage her to look in her face. But she clung to him with the phrensy of despair.

"No—no! I will never, never leave my husband. God joined us together—let no man put us asunder!"

"Go! Leave us a few moments together," he said, hoarsely.

The men went out, locking them in, only a deaf and dumb woman being left in the room.

About ten minutes there was heard a wild shriek. They opened the door, and lo! the young wife lay upon the floor—a corpse. A wound upon her temple showed that she had been slain by a blow; and blood on the bar which united his wrists showed that he was the author of her death!

He did not resist those who secured him. He made no explanation. He was silent before the court, and only smiled grimly when he received sentence of death.

Up to the evening before the day set for his execution he had refused to see me. My surprise and gratification, therefore, were great when the messenger came whose summons I now obeyed.

I will now resume Cullingham's own narrative, which, after several minutes' silence, his face hidden in his hands, he thus resumed:

"Yes—you know I killed her! but you don't know why. She told me in the brief space that we were left together why she had stolen the watch. Sir—it nearly killed me to be so loved! She then wanted to know if we could never meet again. I assured her, sadly, that it was all in vain for her to hope.

"Then please kill me now, Henry! I am going crazy! If they take you from me I shall go mad! Oh! kill me now—I am so unhappy. Let me die now if we can never be together, for I can look down from Heaven, if God forgives me, and see you then. I talk crazed, don't I? Please to kill me, Henry!"

"So she talked, sir, to me. I could see her eyes were wild and crazed. I was put beside myself by her misery. I pressed her to my heart, kissed her lips, struck her one blow upon the temple, and she lay at my feet dead! Now, sir, you know all!—To-morrow I die!"

Here he was silent and thoughtful. He then laughed hollowly, and said—

"If your Bible is true I shall never see her again, for she is innocent and in Heaven. But, sir, my heart tells me she is near me. Last night I saw her plainly in my cell here—a bright, glorious spirit! Sir, she will follow my spirit into hell!"

"Young man, this language is unbecoming," I said. "Would you wish to drag her from the shades of light with you, who have rendered her life here so wretched?"

"God forbid! No, sir. I could bear the tortures of the damned if I believed Charlotte was happy in Paradise. You are talking out your prayer-book—it is no use, sir! Prayers will do me no good. I have no heart to repent—no time in the sixteen hours left me to make my peace for my life-time sins!"

"While the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return,"

I repeated, as these lines caught my eyes in a hymn-book which some one had given him.

"No, no! Burn my lamp with the devil's oil all my life, and at the eleventh hour, when the oil is gone, blow the smoke in the Lord's face! I'm no hypocrite, sir. I thank you for coming to see me, and especially for listening to me. I hope you will clear Charlotte's character."

"I promise to report what you have stated."

"It is all true. Now, sir, if you will stay with me, or send some one to do so—I can't bear to be alone."

I informed him it was out of my power to remain; and as he spurned prayer and counsel, I must leave him to the mercy of God.

He made no reply. The turnkey now came and released me, and with a sad heart I took leave of the hardened criminal.

As the heavy door was closing upon him, he called out—

"Tell the boys in your school, sir, about the fourpence-halfpenny, and what iron fruit such stolen silver seed will yield in the end!" and as he spoke he shook his manacles and fetters till they rung again.

The next day he suffered the full penalty of the law, dying without fear and without repentance, leaving in his late a warning to all who yield to temptation in trifles—shutting their eyes to the fact that a gimlet hole will sink a ship as surely as one made with an auger, give it time.

## GIVING ADVICE.

The disposition, impulse, instinct, propensity, or what you will, towards giving advice, is so universal among men, that, with the sole exception of those who sell it, no class in the community is exempt from the failing. They, indeed, who live by the trade, are cautious enough how they scatter their pearls to swine. The doctor, who, to the traveling question of "what would you advise me to take?" answered, "Take advice," is the type and model of the whole tribe. Law and physic are equally sententious and oracular, and they both hem in their assertions with such phalanxes of "ifs" and "buts" as seldom fail to leave the consultant in greater doubt than before. Yet, strange to say, this bought advice is almost the only species that is implicitly followed. So much, indeed, does the virtue of all counsel lie in the fee, that the best opinion is held to be useless if gratuitously imparted, no man esteeming that worth having which another does not hesitate to part withal. Some may be inclined to attribute the universality of advising to its facility; for certainly nothing is easier than for a looker-on, who proverbially sees most of the game, to pick holes in its playing, and for those who are out of a scrape, and feel none of its embarrassments, to say, "if I were you," or "in your case," or "how can you be so silly?" And the proof is in the number of those who "are forever prone to teach their grannies to suck eggs."

It seems, however, not altogether improbable that the eagerness for giving advice may arise, in no inconsiderable degree, from a fixed conviction that it will never be taken; for it is never so earnestly pressed as when the giver is "certain sure" that it is absolutely impracticable. For this hypothesis many good reasons might be assigned, but we will confine ourselves to this one—that the rejection of advice is the best pretext for abandoning a friend in his adversity, and that there is no better answer to that most impertinent and provoking "Lend me a hundred dollars," than "No, sir, if you had taken my advice," or "It's all your own affair," or "You know you would have your own way." "As you brew, so you may bake," which are all unanswerable formulae, entrenched passes, through which the enemy can never penetrate to your pocket.

## THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Of all the complaints incident to the human frame, the tooth-ache is one of the most painful. There are people enough who would willingly give large sums to any one who should discover a speedy and certain cure for it. How frequently you hear this observation with reference to other painful complaints; but those who make use of it, know not what they are talking about.

Tooth-ache is a species of disease of which there are many varieties. To talk of a specific for tooth-ache is, in reality, just as absurd as to desire a specific for all the diseases of infants—a specific for a multitude of evils, which are comprehended, indeed, under one general name, but the causes and natures of which are not only very different from, but frequently quite contrary to, one another. So little, then, as we can expect to discover a medicine that shall deserve the appellation of a universal specific for all diseases, because many of them require totally different treatment, so little can we build upon an infallible remedy for tooth-ache. Hence it is that some medicines, which in certain cases have removed the tooth-ache, have in others either done no good, or perhaps aggravated the complaint; and that a universal remedy for tooth-ache is as grossly absurd as all other universal remedies without exception.

When tooth-ache lasts long, and is violent, it has no small influence on a person's general health. It may be attended with sleepless nights, high fever, delirium, ulcers, tumors, caries of the bones, convulsions, swoons, and other distressing symptoms. The most common kinds of tooth-ache proceed from the following causes: 1. From hollow teeth; 2. from inflammation of the nervous membrane that covers the teeth and spreads into the gums; 3. from a cold catarrhal humor that settles upon the nerves of the teeth; 4. from a general acrimony of the juices, either scorbutic or of some other kind; 5. from a gouty or rheumatic affection; 6. from dentition in children. Sometimes there is a concurrence of the causes of the different kinds of tooth-ache, and in these cases there is greater latitude in the choice of remedies.

## LIFE—DEATH.

There dwelt in ancient times on the Palus Meotis, a barbarous people, called the Alani, whose god was a naked sword, which they set up in the ground and worshipped, and whose greatest glory and happiness consisted in slaughtering their fellow-creatures, and employing their skins for horse-covers. This brutal nation was, as far as we can recollect, the only one that considered it ignominious to die of old age. This maxim, nevertheless, seems to have identified itself with the character of martial nations, the members of which are anxious to die for their country; and it may be viewed in a milder light where it loses all that is rude and barbarous, and appears in the rank of real heroic virtue. It is truly absurd to regard natural death, that is to say, the only way in which men can die of old age, as ignominious; but still it is a real virtue to sacrifice one's life for the public weal; a virtue in which the ancient heroes and philosophers were great, and in which those of modern times are mostly very little. The more effeminate and luxurious a nation becomes, and the more it is depraved by indolence and voluptuousness, so much the more it dreads death and is attached to life. In vain would you show the debauchee the lustre of immortality that must surround his name, if he sacrifice his life for his fellow-citizens and his country. To no purpose would you promise him the pure joys of heaven, and the everlasting glories on which his soul will feast itself. He would rather be utterly forgotten from the present moment, and renounce a future state altogether, than give up a single year of his voluptuous life. Between these two extremes the wise will choose a middle course. We must not hold life so lightly as to throw it away, neither ought death to appear so terrible as to make us hesitate to surrender it, when important occasions demand the sacrifice.

## SHARKS AND SHARK-PIES.

Sharks must be much more numerous in our waters than we commonly suppose, at least at some seasons of the year, if we may judge from the numbers captured by those who know where and how to fish for them. The most common modes of taking them at sea are with a large hook, or a harpoon, or "grains," (which is thrown like a harpoon, but is differently formed at the point.) Sailors will often exert themselves to the utmost, to get sharks into their power, chiefly from an antipathy to the ferocious fish, or from the love of sport. It is true that a small part of a shark (the tail) is often cooked and eaten, when other fresh meat is not to be had; but it is not a great favorite, even with the sailors themselves.

In some cases sharks are allowed to live after being taken, but are treated in a barbarous manner, being thrown again in the water, to afford a cruel sport to their captors. A hole is cut into the fish's head, into which a small piece of board is driven at an angle inclined forward. The effect of this is, as soon as he begins to swim to incline his course upward, and bring him to the surface. Thus he is unable to pursue his way deep into the sea, as he is disposed; and finds himself frequently rising, against his will. Now and then, as if enraged at being thwarted in his wishes, and resolved to overcome the difficulty, he starts off with all his force; but this only makes matters worse, as he throws himself out of water, sometimes to a distance. This is the object which his persecutors have in view, and which affords them inhuman amusement.

In some parts of Narragansett Bay sharks are remarkably numerous, at least they are caught there to a great extent, and are used to manure the land.

"A gentleman, who has a farm on the shore of that bay," said a friend, who had been visiting that part of Rhode Island, "invited me one morning to walk with him to the water, and witness a cast of his net. I found arrangements made for taking fish of much larger size than shad: for the net was made of thick and very strong cord, with broad meshes; and I soon found that it had been cast with skill; for, as the men drew it towards the land, they met with powerful resistance. One enormous fish soon exposed itself partly to view, then another and another; and, after much time and labor spent in securing them, several large sharks were safely landed. The net was cast again; and, by breakfast-time, nine were collected in a place on the shore, from which there was no danger of their finding their way back to the water. After breakfast," said my friend, "if you choose, you may learn how to make a shark-pie. We returned, after our meal; and I found the men had been digging a hole in the ground, into which they scow threw all the fish, shoveling in the loose earth in considerable quantities between them. I now understood the nature of the dish which they were preparing."

Thus they dispose of the sharks which they capture in that neighborhood, in order to prepare from them a manure to spread over the land. The flesh, when putrefied, with the oil which it contains in abundance, forms, with a due proportion of earth, a very rich and durable manure; which, when applied with judgment, greatly improves the crops. It is indeed an unpleasant process, and the air is often infected by the offensive exhalations, for a considerable distance around. But, as with white-fish, which are used along the coast of Connecticut, for the same purpose, the inhabitants, by habit, become surprisingly insensible to what often appears to strangers utterly intolerable.

T. D.

## "THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS."

Late travelers amid the rocky solitudes of the deserts of Asia have brought accounts of strange, fragmentary inscriptions upon the rugged heights of Sinai. They asserted that thousands of inscriptions had been found, and that many of them were made upon spots reached only with the utmost difficulty, showing that whoever made them must have had the help of ladders and platforms, and have made long steps in the desert.

Some English travelers who penetrated to that lone and dreary region, copied a number of these inscriptions and brought them home. But it was in vain that attempts were made to decipher them—all was darkness with regard to them. The tribes in the neighborhood of Sinai could give no account of them.

At length, after a great deal of study and research, some learned and shrewd men succeeded in making a key out of several different and very old languages, and with this key they once more essayed to read "the testimony of the rocks."

With astonishment, awe, and delight, they read as follows:—

"The hard rock water—a great miracle."

"The people, the hard stone satiates with water, thirsting."

"Destroy, springing on the people, the fiery serpents. Hissing, injecting venom, heralds of death, they kill. The people prostrating on their back, curling in folds, they wind round, descending on, bearing destruction."

"The people sustain on a pole, erecting a standard, the male serpent fiery of molten brass."

Very disconnected are the sentences, but let any one compare them with the sacred scriptures, particularly with the twenty-first chapter of Numbers, and see if he does not think those hoary rocks, silent for ages, are now speaking effectually in the ears of men of the truth of the Bible record.

God is, indeed, able to raise up from the very stones witnesses to the truth of all that His written word has told us. While the infidel derides the sacred volume, the believer clasps it firmer and firmer, for he knows that its words are spirit and life, and that both Heaven and earth conspire to prove its origin divine.

C. S.

## BEWARE.

Girls! when you see a man with big whiskers, moustache, gold-headed cane, showy jewelry, and dressed to match, and when this person talks largely about his sugar plantation in Louisiana, and his desire to find a wife who has been brought up at the North, his tender conscience not permitting him to choose a Southern lady—then, girls, stand as far off as possible if he is under the necessity of introducing himself. The chances are five hundred to one that the fellow is a gambler and land pirate, living by his wits on other people's funds. We say again to all romantic girls, beware of the baits which such fellows throw out, or you will repent at your leisure.

ENVY.—Stick up your noses, girls; Amelia has got a new bonnet. A poor girl has no business to dress tidily, and no business to be good looking. You haven't a new bonnet—you are not good looking; so, up with your noses and have satisfaction by "making faces." How becoming it is to have malice and envy pictured on the face of a girl! How impressive and effective it is! So—up with your noses, girls; Amelia's got a new bonnet.